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PAUL'S WAY TO HAPPINESS.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., March 22, 1868.

IT seems to me that we can deduce a very perfect law of a good and happy life, from the seventh chapter of 1 Corinthians, which we have sometimes studied. I confess that I am charmed with the philosophy of it, and that I am going to do my very best to get it into the heart of the Community. I will read a part of it:

"Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God."

He is called to be a chaste virgin unto God. God is his husband. Paul is addressing people who are in all the various circumstances of life, in the midst of the fashion of this world, and he has to find a way to compromise, as it were, and give them liberty to conform to the principles of this world to a certain extent, while still they mind the main thing, which is to *abide with God*.

"Now concerning virgins I have no commandment of the Lord: yet I give my judgment, as one that hath obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful. I suppose, therefore, that it is good for the present distress, I say, that it is good for a man so to be."

The word virgin in Greek is both masculine and feminine, and has reference to a man as well as a woman.

"Art thou bound unto a wife? seek not to be loosed. Art thou loosed from a wife? seek not a wife. But and if thou marry thou hast not sinned; and if a virgin marry she hath not sinned. Nevertheless such shall have trouble in the flesh; but I spare you."

He does not introduce any legality here, but simply predicts trouble to those who make that compromise.

"But this I say, brethren, the time is short."

This compromise will soon come to an end; it is but a temporary relation any way, and you will have trouble with it as long as it lasts; the coming of Christ [which was immediately before them] will make an end of it.

"It remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away."

He would say this to them distinctly, that whatever they did in the line of conforming to the fashion of the world must be considered as

temporary; and further than that he would not go at that time, lest he should bring a snare upon them; for they were in circumstances of great temptation, where it would have been very difficult for them to stop conforming to the fashion of the world; and he would not bring them under legality, that would injure their consciences.

Now we come to the deep philosophy at the bottom of all this:

"But I would have you without carefulness. He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife."

He is not in condition to be faithful to his espousals. It is the Lord who is his husband. Paul would have them, if possible, in circumstances to be true to that relation.

"There is a difference, also, between a wife and a virgin. The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit: but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband. And this I speak for your own profit; not that I may cast a snare upon you [not to bring any legality into the matter]; but for that which is comely, and that ye may attend upon the Lord without distraction. But if any man think he behaveth himself uncomely toward his virgin, if she pass the flower of her age, and need so require, let him do what he will, he sinneth not; let them marry."

If a man's mind is so under the power and habit of the fashion of this world that he can't feel good about remaining free with God, why let him yield to the fashion of the world, and still let him consider that he is not a sinner in doing so; but he is making a compromise that is understood to be short, and will bring trouble.

"Nevertheless he that standeth fast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart that he will keep his virgin, doeth well. So then he that giveth her in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better. The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth, but if her husband is dead she is at liberty to be married to whom she will, only in the Lord. But she is happier if she so abide, after my judgment: and I think also that I have the spirit of God."

That is the philosophy that really is at the bottom of our social relations in the Community. The object that I have, and that God has in establishing through me our present social system, is not to put us in such relations to each other that our bondage and distractions and diversions should be increased and become worse than they are in the world,

but, on the contrary that we might get *free* from the distractions of the world. It is the object of our social theory to accomplish just what Paul, as things were in his day, could not accomplish, that is to make all free to attend upon the Lord without distraction. *That* is the object of Communism.

The world in 1800 years has attained to a state of civilization and liberty in which it is possible, we find, for us to advance on the position that the Primitive Church assumed, and come into a relation where we recognize no marriage, and where we can live together in large numbers, and labor with one another and for one another, without being in bondage to one another. Then I maintain that it is right that we should take a little different ground from what Paul did, and press a little farther in the direction in which we see he was disposed to press, and in the direction in which his philosophy led him. That is to say, we have a right to stand a little firmer on the ground that there *must not be any distraction*, and there *need not be*.

I have been disposed, and am still, to act upon Paul's philosophy—in the very spirit of it. I have been disposed to say in regard to the attraction between the sexes, considering the immense power of that attraction, that if two persons find their hearts under an ungovernable impulse, so that they must come together in a special relation of love, and it seems they cannot help it, let them do so, there is no sin in it; but with Paul I warn them that it is a temporary relation, and one which will bring them trouble; I tell them they would be happier without it, and then let it pass.

But after all the question that is beginning to press itself on me is, whether that is not compromising after the time of compromising has gone by. Have we not advanced into a position where that *short time* that Paul talked about has passed; where the absolute principle that he foresaw was to come into force in a short time, has come into force with us? It seems to me that we ought to come square up to the principle, and public opinion in the Community ought to plant itself on the principle, that that compromise of Paul's is *past and gone*; and that the only rational ground and position for us, after having abandoned marriage for the very purpose of ridding ourselves of its snares and distractions, is, that we will attend upon the Lord without distraction. We will not have any interference of these attractions between the sexes, come in to disturb our relations with the Lord.

As a follower of Paul, I confess that I feel

bound to advance to that position. I don't think that the toleration he gives in that chapter to marriage, and the spirit of bondage that is connected with marriage, is fairly extended to us in our position. We have got out of it. I think that Paul in our position would not have said those things; he would not have tolerated the marriage *spirit* after marriage had gone by. We have gone out of ordinary society for the very purpose of not needing such a compromise.

I avow it as my purpose, henceforth, to keep myself free from distractions; to wait on the Lord alone, and let no affections interfere. All my love for women, and every other social relation, must help me to wait on the Lord, or else I will have none of them. Any thing that comes in to interfere, I count, not only as an offense to the Lord, and contrary to my duty and loyalty to him, but contrary to my happiness. I fully believe in Paul's theory that I shall be happier to wait on the Lord without distraction.

I am going to wait on the Lord, and watch, and pray, and live in that interior life and world that I see Christ and Paul and the Primitive Church did, and I will have no distraction from it. Furthermore, in that position I am determined to help others just as much as I can to keep from distractions, and to wait on the Lord wholly. What measures I shall take, I don't know, but my purpose is to carry out the real spirit of that chapter, and appropriate all that philosophy.

I believe I can make the Community a great deal happier than it is, by carrying that out faithfully, and by helping all who look to me for instruction, to keep their hearts pure and clean, and not get into distracting fellowships. I believe there is a love that doesn't bring us into bondage—that doesn't darken the heart and harden it. I believe there is love between the sexes, and between man and man, as well as between man and woman, that will help the love of God; and I will get just as much of that love as I can. The other kind that draws away from God, and throws people into darkness and evil-thinking, and bondage to one another, I shall do my very best to suppress and clear out.

I am not going against anything in this matter on the principle of duty and legality. In fact I am not going *against* anything. I am going *for* two things; one in reference to God, and one in reference to ourselves. I am going for loyalty to God; to love the Lord our God with all our heart, soul, mind and strength, literally and truly, having no other God before him; and secondly, I am going for happiness—my own happiness and the happiness of the Community, which I fully believe is in that direction and no other, as Paul says.

We have served out our time as you may say, in this half-and-half dispensation that Paul represents in that chapter. I think we have come to an end of it, and it is time for

us to take the ground that we have a right to the liberty that he there sees ahead. It is not necessary we should be subject any longer to delusions, seductions and distractions. It is not necessary that we should any longer be subject to the trouble in the flesh that is sure to come with such things. We have a right to take the happiest way of life, which Paul plainly points out. I am going to take the happiest way of life myself, and, if I can, am going to help other folks to it. I shall henceforth consider that the end of slavery has come. We have not quite believed heretofore, that the end of slavery has come. We have thought that things were partly as they were in Paul's time, and we must submit to things as they stand. I think that is a little below our privilege; that it is time for us to consider that slavery has come to an end, and we can take the happier way as a Community, and not have trouble in the flesh.

It has become familiar, every-day truth with us, that to love God, and to love him with intense feeling, is just as practicable as to love a woman or to love a child. We can't, of course, get into full marriage relation with God, so as to have a constant sense of blessed fellowship with him, without courtship. And there is where I insist upon it that we shall have our liberty: liberty to court God and be courted by him, and have nothing to interfere with it. People are very jealous of anything that interferes between a man and his wife: and any father is very jealous, in the natural state of things, of anything that interferes between him and his child. But let us, above all things, be jealous of anything that interferes between us and the love of God. We can get along without any other love than that, and be comfortable and happy. If we have that love, it will provide us with all the other kinds of love, and make them safe, and good, and wholesome for us. *Let us have that love!* Let us be *very* jealous of anything that interferes with our getting it.

Let us help one another, support one another, and protect one another in carrying out this principle. In so doing we shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing will flee away. I believe it is sure to lead right into happiness. When a people are found, however few they may be, who can carry this out, really serving the Lord without distraction; why, then the year of jubilee has come—slavery is at an end. You may "wake Nicodemus" as soon as you please.

TALK ABOUT THE SECOND COMING. NO. VI.

Inquirer.—Are there any persons besides the apostle John, that you suppose were changed and taken away at the Second Coming?

Circular.—I can not specify by name any others in respect to whom so much proof can be presented as in the case of John. But then on the other hand the terms of the pro-

gramme which Christ and Paul gave for the Second Coming, plainly indicate that *many* others did live to see it and share in the victory over death which it brought. Christ said, "There be *some* standing here that shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom"—and *some* are more than one. So again he said not only that one of the "two *men* in the same bed," but also one of the "two *women* grinding at the mill," should be taken at his Coming; so that we know that there were *women* as well as men among the translated. The number of the wise virgins as compared with the foolish, hints at something like an *equal* division of the ostensible body of believers at the Second Coming. Paul's language in 1 Cor. 15, and 1 Thess. 4, implies the expectation on his part that a considerable number of those he was addressing would be alive at the consummation.

But here is the place to say that in view of the *known facts* in the case, viz., that Christ came immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem, and that all his true disciples who were alive at that time were caught up with him, we have a right to put the laboring oar of proof into other hands. Instead of working out the demonstration of *translation* for each specific case, I call for *proof of death* in every case of known persons who came within the range of the above facts. In the hitherto ordinary course of things the general rule, I admit, has been that men die, and therefore the exceptions ought to be proved. But in the case of Christ and the Primitive Church and the Second Coming, we are dealing with very extraordinary persons, and a very extraordinary course of things. Forasmuch as the Second Coming of Christ was placed within the probable reach of the life-time of all his original disciples, and forasmuch as he said repeatedly that believers on him should not die, I submit that the general rule must be reversed, i. e., it must be assumed, in respect to that first generation of believers, that they did not die, and the exceptional cases of death of individuals must be proved. For instance, take the case of the original eleven (omitting Judas). I admit that Peter died, because Christ said he should (John 21: 19), and Peter himself expected to die. (2 Pet. 1: 14.) I admit that James the brother of John died, because it is so recorded in Acts 12: 2. So far we have proof of death in the Bible, *and no farther*. These exceptions were provided for in Christ's general forewarning—"Some of you shall they cause to be put to death." (Luke 21: 16). Now I call for the proof that any more of the original eleven ever died. As a body they were certainly to be alive and busy at the Second Coming, for Christ said to them—"Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of man be come." (Matt. 10: 23.) It is fairly to be assumed, therefore, that nine of the original eleven—all but Peter and James—never died. Any

fair evidence of further exceptions, of course is to be admitted, when it comes. But so the Bible leaves the case; and for reasons which I gave in former talks—particularly the last one—I can not admit the “Fathers” that flourished after the Second Coming, as competent or credible witnesses in respect to such matters as the deaths of the apostles. Christ’s predictions, and the silence of subsequent Bible-history in respect to the deaths of all but Peter and James, are better pointers to the truth than all the lackadaisical stories that were concocted in the church of the next generation.

Look now at the case of Paul. The Bible evidence as to whether he died or was translated looks both ways, and leaves us in a puzzle. At one time we hear him saying—“We look for the Lord Jesus Christ from heaven, who shall change our vile body”—“We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,” &c. &c., as though he confidently expected translation. At another time he says, “I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand”—which, though somewhat equivocal, looks like anticipation of death. But we have no account of his death in the Bible, and we can not trust the Fathers. On the whole, we are left very much in the balanced state of mind that he himself once was in, concerning the matter of his death. He told the Philippians that he was in “a strait betwixt two,” having a desire to depart, and also a desire to remain for their sakes, and said he, “*What I shall choose, I wot not.*” So we can only say, “Which he *did* choose, we wot not.” But as in his case the scale on the whole turned in favor of remaining, so we have reason to incline on the whole to the opinion that he did not die, but met Christ at his Coming and was changed.

THE PLUM AND ITS ENEMIES.

THE cultivation of the plum is attended by three drawbacks: first, the black knot; second, the extreme cold of winter; and third, the curculio.

The knot, which gives us but very little trouble, can, we think, be in a great measure obviated, by planting healthy young trees in grounds that have a warm and pervious subsoil.

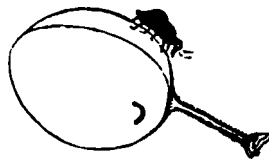
The cold of winter can be met by planting none but the most hardy varieties. Of these, the Lombard is altogether the most productive and reliable of any that we have tried. It holds a place among plums, similar to that held by the Baldwin among apples; the Louise Bonne de Jersey among pears, and the Wilson among strawberries. The Schenectady Catherine, is about equally hardy; nearly as productive; and more acceptable when eaten out of hand. The Yellow Gage is not as hardy as the Lombard; in a single instance our loss of trees from one accident and another, was at the rate of twelve of the former to one of the latter. However, its moderate crop of large, handsome fruit, comes in August, and, being also of superior flavor, commands the best price in

market. The M’Laughlin is perhaps superior to the Yellow Gage in every respect except earliness. The various sorts of Damson plum-trees, gathered up from the farmers’ back-yards, have not proved themselves any more hardy than the varieties we have named, and certainly not so productive and valuable.

The curculio, whose habits, appearance, and mode of capture have been already described in the CIRCULAR, is by far the most active foe the plum has. The black-knot does not prevail every-where; many of the winters are mild and do us no injury; but the curculio is always at hand to stamp his crescent on something. Believing there is still much ignorance among plum growers in respect to the existence of this insect, we are pleased to show the reader a portrait of the little villain. The first cut is a back view—full size:



The second is a profile, and shows the fellow’s mark:



That mark is the thing which causes our plums to drop away so mysteriously, and always makes us feel uncertain of a crop until we see it fairly ripe and harvested.

Of the many ways suggested for keeping off the curculio, we know of only one that is really available; and that is to shake him down upon large sheets held under the tree, and then kill him with your thumb and finger. In assisting this season at the killing of about twelve thousand of these insects, we came at some facts which may be of interest.

The curculio can be successfully hunted as soon as the plum is in bloom; yet they can not injure the fruit until a few days later, for it is still invested by the calyx.

Curculios are the most abundant after several hot days. At such times they should be hunted early in the morning.

They are scarce after cold rains, and after a succession of cold nights. They can then be captured in ordinary work-hours.

They are always most abundant on trees in fruit. If there are no plums they must go elsewhere to deposit their eggs—to the apples, pears, and cherries.

They are most plentiful on trees standing wholly in the grass, and relatively scarce on trees in cultivation.

A daily hunt in cool weather, and a semi-daily one in hot weather, when the insects are most numerous, should be kept up for not less than three weeks. By that time the plums will be too hard for the curculio.

In 1866 the expense of protecting a crop of one hundred and fifty bushels was about forty dollars, or twenty-six cents per bushel. At that time plums in this market were worth from three to four dollars.

This trouble of raising plums, will of course

discourage all except the most sanguine and energetic.

Yet in spite of black knot, and hard winters, and curculio, our experience for fifteen years has brought us to the conclusion that an orchard of Lombard plums is more certain of crops, and certainly more remunerative, than an orchard of Baldwin and Greening apples. A. B.

NOTES ON GRAPES.

GRAPES have yielded a good crop this season in some localities, while in others we hear of partial failures. As yet, however, we have seen but one regular report from a grape grower. We hope to hear other statements from cultivators, in different parts of the country, as this perhaps is the only method of establishing the true character of the many varieties of grapes that are now under cultivation. The following are observations made during the grape season on the grounds of the Oneida Community, beginning in the order of ripening.

Hartford Prolific.—Crop very good; fruit and vines free from disease; ripe September 10th to 20th.

Delaware.—Crop good; fruit free from disease, leaves slightly affected by mildew. Fruit ripened well, with the exception of overloaded vines, which lost more or less of their leaves. Ripe September 10th to 25th.

Creveling.—Bunches rather loose; leaves slightly mildewed; fruit excellent in quality. Ripe September 12th to 25th.

Adirondac.—Leaves considerably affected by mildew, consequently the fruit ripened tardily and somewhat imperfectly. Although this grape when well ripened is nearly first-rate in quality, it cannot be relied on, except perhaps in favorable localities. Ripe from September 10th to 20th.

Israella.—Vines well loaded with handsome bunches; leaves quite badly mildewed and crumpled, so that a part of the fruit did not fully ripen. When free from mildew it ripens here about the 15th of September. Fruit sweet and good, but not high-flavored.

Northern Muscadine.—This is a reliable second-class grape. Its fault is that the berries when ripe drop from the bunches. Ripe September 15th to 20th.

Roger’s No. 15.—Vines well loaded with loose bunches of fruit; leaves slightly affected by mildew. Fruit of good quality, and ripe September 15th to 25th.

Roger’s No. 19.—Vines heavily loaded with large, well-formed clusters. Leaves slightly affected by mildew. Fruit ripened well, with the exception of overloaded vines which lost a part of their leaves. Ripe September 15th to 30th.

Concord.—Crop good, fruit and vines free from disease, clusters large and fine, and ripened well. Ripe September 15th to 30th.

Iona.—Vines well loaded; fruit free from disease; leaves more or less affected by mildew. Fruit of first-rate quality when ripe. Ripens tardily from September 15th till into October, unless cut off by frost; will not prove of much value in this latitude.

Union Village.—Bunches and berries large; vines generally healthy; fruit watery and

insipid, and seldom ripens before frost. Of little value.

H. T.

O. C., Oct. 7, 1868.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1868.

OUR MUCK-HEAP.

WE have a pile of manuscripts, of letter-paper size, and three inches thick, with printed scraps from newspapers and pamphlets interspersed. It is a collection of materials for a history of all the Associations and Communities that have lived and died in this country in the last thirty or forty years. When it came into our hands it was in the loosest state of disorder; but we have strung the leaves together, paged them, and made an index of their contents. The number of pages is seven hundred and forty-seven. The index has the names of sixty-nine associative experiments, beginning with Brook Farm and ending with the Shakers. The accounts given, are sometimes long and sometimes short. Mixed up with them, are notices of leading socialists, as Owen, Fourier, Frances Wright, &c.

The writer and compiler of this mass was A. J. Macdonald, of whom we must give a respectful account.

When we lived in Brooklyn some seventeen years ago, this man called on us several times on his business of collecting these observations on socialist experiments, and finally he seemed to take a really friendly interest in our Community, and we became acquainted with him. Our memory of him is imperfect; but an outline of his person remains in our imagination. He was a short, small man, with black hair and sharp eyes. He had a good-natured look, but seemed a little sad. We imagined that the sad scenes he met with in looking after the history of so many short-lived Communities, had given him a tinge of melancholy. He was indeed the "Old Mortality" of Socialism, wandering about the country from grave to grave, patiently deciphering the epitaphs of defunct "Phalanxes."

We learned from himself that he was a Scotchman by birth, and a printer by trade; that he was an admirer and disciple of Owen, and came from the "old country" partly to see and follow the fortunes of his master's experiments in socialism: but finding Owenism in ruins and Fourierism going to ruin, he took upon himself the task of making a book, that should give future generations the benefit of the lessons taught by these attempts and failures.

His own attempt was a failure. He gathered a huge mass of materials, wrote his preface, and then died of the cholera. Our record of his last visit is dated February, 1854. Ten years afterward we found his collections in the hands of a relative, and obtained them. They are in no fit condition for publication; but many interesting and useful stories could be compiled from them. We call them our MUCK-HEAP, because they are for the most part records of dead enterprises. As things that die become manure for things that live, we judge the time will come when these deposits may be put to good use. We turn them over from time to time, and get good from them. Like stories of attempts to invent perpetual motion, they teach us at least what can not be done. With the Bible to teach us what can be done, they do not discourage us—though they did discourage poor Macdonald, as will be perceived in the somber tone of his Circular, and especially of his Preface, both of which here follow:

PRINTED CIRCULAR SENT TO SOCIALISTS.

New York, March, 1851.

I have been for some time engaged in collecting the necessary materials for a book, to be entitled "The Communities of the United States," in which I propose giving a brief narrative account of all the social and co-operative experiments that have been made in this country—their origin, principles, and progress; and, most particularly, the cause of their success or failure.

I have reason to believe, from long experience amongst social reformers, that such a work is needed,

and will be both useful and interesting. It will serve as a guide to all future experiments, showing them what has already been done—like a lighthouse, pointing to the rocks upon which so many have been wrecked, or to the haven in which the few have found rest. It will give facts and statistics to be depended upon, gathered from the most authentic sources; and form a collection of interesting narratives. It will show the errors of enthusiasts, and the triumphs of the cool-thinking—the disappointments of the sanguine, and the dear-bought experience of many social adventurers. It will give mankind an idea of the labor of body and mind that has been expended to realize a better state of society—a social and co-operative state, for a competitive one—a system of harmony, for one of discord.

And to insure the truthfulness of the work, I propose to gather most of my information from individuals who have actually been engaged in the experiments I treat of. With this object in view, I take the liberty to address you, asking your aid in the carrying out of my plan. I request you to give me a narrative account of the experiment in which you were engaged at ——. For instance, I require such information as the following questions would call forth (they equally apply to Communities now in progress), viz:—

1. Who originated it, or how was it originated?
2. What were the principles and objects?
3. What were the means in land and money?
4. Was all property put into a common stock?
5. What number of persons associated together?
6. Of what did they consist—their trades, occupations, and amount of skill?
7. Their education, natural intelligence and morality?
8. What religious belief, and if any, how preached and practiced?
9. How were members admitted to associate; was there any standard by which to judge them, and any property qualification necessary?
10. Was there a written or printed constitution or laws? (if so, can you send me a copy?)
11. Were pledges, fines, oaths, or any coercive means used?
12. When and where did the association commence its experiment; please describe the locality—what dwellings and other conveniences were upon it; how many persons could it comfortably accommodate—how many persons lived on the spot—how much land was cultivated—was there plenty of provisions, &c., &c.
13. How was the land obtained, was it free or in debt—who owned it?
14. Generally speaking, were the new circumstances of the associates, superior or inferior to the circumstances they enjoyed previous to their associating?
15. Did they obtain aid from without?
16. What particular person or persons took the lead?
17. Who managed the receipts and expenditures, and were they honestly managed?
18. Did the associates agree or disagree, and in what?
19. How long did they keep together?
20. When did they break up, and why did they break up—the causes directly and indirectly?
21. If successful, the causes of success?

And any other information relating to such experiment that you may consider useful and interesting to be made public. By such information you will confer a great favor, and materially assist me in what I consider a good undertaking.

I contemplate the work to form a neat 12mo. volume, of from 200 to 280 pages, such as "Lyell's Tour in the United States," or "Gorrie's Churches and Sects of the United States." It will be published in New York and London at the lowest possible price, say, within one dollar; and it is my intention, if possible, to illustrate the work with views of Communities now in progress, or of localities rendered interesting through having once been the battle grounds of a new system with the old.

Please to make known the above—and favor me with the names and addresses of persons who can and would be willing to assist me with such information as I require.

Trusting that I shall receive the same kind aid from you, as I have already received from so many of my friends, I remain, very respectfully, yours,

A. J. MACDONALD.

Any further information will be freely given, by directing to 75 Nassau-st. (rear), New York city.

PREFACE TO THE BOOK THAT WAS NEVER PUBLISHED.

I performed the task of collecting the materials which form this volume, because I thought I was doing good. At one time, sanguine in anticipating brilliant results from Communism, I imagined mankind better than they are, and that they would speedily practice those principles which I considered so true; but the experience of years is now upon me; I have mingled with the "World," seen stern reality, and now am anxious to do as much as in me lies the power, to make known to the many thousands, who look for a "better state" than this, on earth as well as in

heaven, the amount (as it were at a glance) of the labors which have been and are now being performed in this country to realize that "better state." It may help to waken up dreamers, to guide lost wanderers, to convince skeptics, or reassure the hopeful; it may serve the uses of Statesmen and Philosophers, and interest the general reader; but it is most desirable that it should increase the charity of all those who may please to examine it, when they see that it was for Humanity, in nearly all instances, that these things were done.

Of necessity the Work is imperfect, because of the difficulty in obtaining information on such subjects, and there is reason to believe that if not now collected, many particulars of the various movements would be forever lost!

It remains for a future historian to continue the labor which I have thus superficially commenced, for the day has not yet arrived when it can be said that Communism or Association has ceased to exist, and it is possible yet, in the progress of things, that man will endeavor to cure his social diseases by some such means, and a future history may contain the results of more important experiments than have ever yet been attempted.

I here return my thanks to the fearless, confiding, and disinterested friends who so freely shared with me what little they possessed, to assist in the completion of this work. I name them not, but rejoice at their assistance.

A. J. MACDONALD.

N. Y. City, 1854.

Four years intervened between the date of the Circular and that of the Preface. During that time Macdonald visited most of the Associations of which he gives accounts—or at least their graves; and, as he says, he saw "stern reality," which evidently quenched his enthusiasm and his hope. If he had lived to publish his collections, it is probable they would have aggravated the discouragement and skeptical reaction against Association, which followed the collapse of Fourierism. We hope to make a better use of them.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Oct. 10.]

—One of our business agents whose trip has generally terminated at St. Paul, extended it this fall to Omaha City. An order for traps was received for the first time also this fall from Salt Lake City.

—Mr. S. R. Leonard, one of the original Putney exiles, who has been living at Wallingford for the last six years without one glimpse of Onida, has come back here to stay. This place is so constantly changing, that one year makes quite a difference in its appearance, and in six years the transformation has been very great. The Tontine, the big barn, the store, and the summer-house have been built, and various buildings torn down and moved to other quarters, to say nothing of the lawn and garden improvements. But Mr. Leonard says that what struck him at first most forcibly is the change among the children, many of whom were mere infants when last seen by him. "To meet," said he, "such a company of intelligent, well-behaved and healthy children, so full of life and enjoyment, without fault-finding or quarreling, and so respectful and affectionate toward one another and every one as they manifestly are, is, I imagine, a treat which does not often fall to the lot of mankind."

—This afternoon the bulletin announced a bee at two o'clock in the Hall for sewing on the children's winter clothes. The Willow Place family came over before dinner, so that when the hour arrived the attendance was prompt and general. On the center table were two large baskets of work, which had been cut out, neatly rolled up and labeled by H. E. A. and F. A. B. There were ever so many little aprons, drawers and dresses which were to be basted and stitched. The sewing-machine was brought from the other house and placed upon the stage, where it sung its lively accompaniment to the chatter and bustle below. This attractive industry continued for about three hours.

—No matter how many horses we have, there are never enough. Every department would like one more. This week particularly, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," has been the song. The folks at the packing-house say they are losing money right along for want of horses to ship the fruit which is paid for and incurring interest. The farmers say the Midland is crowding—the contractors

complaining that they are losing money right along, for want of our keeping ahead of them in clearing our woods and lands. In the midst of this dilemma one fine horse up and dies, and another gets loose in the barn and is terribly wounded by remorseless heels. So three new horses purchased this week are but a slim addition.

—“Our artist” thus illustrates one of the coming consequences of the discovery of the truth about the Second Advent:

The Crack.
Second Coming.



—The following is George Allen's tribute of gratitude to Mrs. Cragin. He wrote, not knowing that his sister had told what she did, leaving for Wallingford just as our discussion of Mrs. C's influence on our children was proposed. It is a good story and will bear telling twice:

Wallingford, Oct. 4, 1868.

DEAR H.:—I was about twelve years old when Mrs. Cragin came to our house. The day after her arrival Henry (my elder brother) was intending to leave for Hartford, and I had a partial promise of accompanying him. A few hours, however, before it was time to go, father concluded I had better remain at home. This was a greater disappointment than I could quietly submit to, and as usual in times of great distress I threw myself upon the floor—rolled, thrashed, and kicked round generally. Mother tried to pacify me, but Henry evidently enjoyed aggravating me. He called me a “whining bawl-baby,” and applied other equally appropriate terms. I retaliated—said he was an “old fool,” and told him to “shut up.” When the uproar was at its height, Mr. Cragin who, unknown to us, had been a quiet listener in the next room, suddenly walked in upon us. I had been lying on my back applying my boot-heels to the floor, but straightened up the instant Mr. C. appeared.

“George,” said he, “Mrs. Cragin would like to see you in the other room.”

I walked in and took a seat near her. She was writing, and did not even look up when I came in. This offended what little dignity I had, so after a long time, as it then seemed to me (though probably not more than a quarter of a minute), seeing no signs of attracting attention from Mrs. Cragin or any one else, I got up and rushed out into the yard. Mr. Cragin found me and asked why I didn't sit still until Mrs. Cragin had finished writing, as she had something to say to me. I saucily replied, “I didn't want to sit there all day.”

But I finally returned, and after Mrs. Cragin had finished writing she took the Bible and said very pleasantly,

“George, let us find out what the Bible has to say about disobedience, and about the tongue—what an unruly member it is.”

For nearly half an hour she looked out passages and talked kindly but very earnestly to me. I read a few verses as she pointed them out, but the tears came so fast I could scarcely see. The effect of her words was to make me feel humbled and penitent. The disappointment of the morning was entirely forgotten. But I cried bitterly from genuine grief because I had been a bad boy. I wanted to be good, and Mrs. Cragin's influence made it easy to be so. I left the room happy and thankful, and with a purpose in my heart to govern the unruly tongue and hasty temper that had made so much trouble. That purpose formed seventeen years ago, has been and is steadily growing.

O. D. A.

L. C. C., whose humorous letter about the “Hand-Book of O. C.,” we printed a few weeks ago, now writes over her full name in the following strain:

Buffalo, Oct. 5, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—In your last but one paper you

call me “somebody unknown.”—Dear me, I am continually reminding you that I live and *move*, as witness my desiring you so often to change my No. It is not my choice certainly to be “unknown” to you. I should like of all things to be “known and read” of you, to come under the fire of your criticism and pass through the alembic of your reproof. And I would be glad to “know even as I am known.” For this reason I am going sometime to have all your publications; the Berean, especially, I have been wishing to possess, but I might as well try to get hold of an illuminated copy of the Talmud in the handwriting of Hafiz. Being in L—— last August, I heard of a copy which had once been the property of my cousin there. I immediately started in pursuit. I chased it all over town and finally learned that it had been loaned to the Universalist minister, and that he was quite enthusiastic over it. I left it in his hands with a promise that it should be sent to me if it ever “got round.”

I hope Mr. Noyes will be inspired to give us longer “Home Talks” on subjects of vital and every-day importance, such as he always chooses, and may the winter coming be profitable to us all in the sense in which godliness is profitable: “having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come.”

We were happy to be able to send a Berean to one so eager to possess it, and hope the character of the book will not disappoint the lady. It is solid and dry, but we imagine with all her playfulness, she is capable of grave attention. We have to say, that a second edition of the Berean has been issued within a few days. It has not been advertised because it does not exceed fifty copies, and because these are mostly forfeited to the printers. The first edition was printed more than twenty years ago by the Putney Community. It was a labor of love—not done by “the trade,” but by enthusiasts whose leisure it occupied for a year. Mrs. H. A. Noyes, whose family cares at the same time were not a few, was our leader in the work. Well do we remember the jubilee we had when the last sheet was struck off. It was in the evening. G. W. N. and W. H. W. had arranged a signal, and the moment the tympan was thrown up for the last time, they fired a rock on a neighboring hill which thundered acclamation till all the woods rang again. It was in the time of the Mexican war, and the people in the village thought some glorious news had come. This edition contained a thousand copies. They were not put in book-stores, but were sold one by one to inquirers after our faith, through a course of seventeen or eighteen years. The stock has been exhausted for some time, and we have been unable to supply demand only as persons in the family have occasionally produced the book from their private treasure, rather than allow some one very importunate to be denied. The binder of this edition found that the “forms” did not come out equal. A few of the sheets failed, when there remained from fifty to a hundred of the greater part. These surplus sheets were saved, however, and packed away in a box where they have yellowed with time. This fall some of our young folks who wanted a Berean to put with their Bible and dictionary, discovered their existence, and clubbed together and set up and printed the missing forms, containing in all fifty-six pages, with which they made out from forty to fifty complete copies. These they had neatly bound at Utica, and after supplying themselves, gave one to several sitting-rooms, and had a few left for urgent cases like the above.

FAIRS.

THE O. C. has been quite a fair-going institution for the last fifteen years. State fairs, County fairs and Town fairs, have claimed our attention and patronage, and we have responded with a good degree of alacrity and cheerfulness, both because we could not well resist the public importunity, and from a laudable desire that the products of combined labor and skill might meet their just reward. Latterly, State and County fairs becoming unattractive and irksome to us, we have limited our efforts in this line to Town fairs, alternating with Vernon and Oneida, the villages near which we are located. By

this alternate arrangement we were to assist, as the French say, at the Vernon fair this year, and Oct. 7 and 8th were the appointed days. The articles were to be entered on the 7th, and our teams were in requisition early in the morning to convey the contributions. A one-horse team led the van and conveyed the potatoe-washer, an ingenious machine made by one of our mechanics for washing all root vegetables, and several agricultural implements lately invented by Mr. Thacker. Second in order came a two-horse load of vegetables comprising a full variety, from potatoes, to the egg-plant and celery. Next followed the fruits, fresh and preserved. The fresh fruits consisted of twenty-five varieties of grapes, twenty varieties of pears, and twenty varieties of apples. The preserved fruits comprised the many varieties of domestic fruits preserved in glass and handsomely labeled. The fourth conveyance bore the flowers (which the frost had so considerably spared) and some articles of vertu, requiring careful hands for their conveyance. Our taxidermist varied the show by sending a case of stuffed birds, and our entomologist added several cases of his rarest specimens of butterflies, beetles, &c., collected with much perseverance and care, and systematically arranged.

The day opened propitiously, with the exception that a strong south wind prevailed, which severely tried the ropes and stakes that anchored to terra firma the tent pitched for the exhibition, and a sense of insecurity for life and property was at once felt on entering it. Our fears proved not to be groundless, for we had no sooner chosen our position and commenced unpacking, when the south side of the tent burst in upon us and the canvas came flapping about our ears, sending a large cone of dahlias, prepared with much pains-taking, skimming upon the ground and threatening wreck and ruin generally. A call to the rescue was made and men and boys laid hold, and after much tugging the breach was repaired, and cords and stakes multiplied, so that the tent which had done duty on many a contested field before, outweathered the gale through the day, but only to yield to the more powerful blast of the night, when it utterly collapsed; not however till the event had been anticipated and all articles that could receive damage had been moved to adjacent barns and houses, for which the O. C. felt truly grateful.

The lack of interest and organization manifest at this fair, led us to think that fairs have about had their day in Vernon, unless in some way the citizens can create a revival of interest and enthusiasm. The question might be asked, if fairs in general have not so far degenerated, that it is time they should give place to something newer and better? If the O. C. through its superior advantages for production has discouraged other farmers and horticulturists in entering the lists of competition, as we have been tempted to think, we will gladly withdraw, and now with an acknowledgement for past favors, will respectfully ask to be excused in future from exhibiting at fairs, either State, County or Town,

W. H. W.

NEW YORK GAMINS.

WHEN passing along city thoroughfares where I am forced to notice the misery and degradation of poorly clothed, forlorn-looking men and women, and neglected children, I have often thought, What a storm of censure would be poured upon the Community, if a single instance even of such neglect should be found among us. Society places us at the bar. We are judged most strictly, and if any evil is found, the Community system and faith are held accountable. This is right. By our fruits we should be known. But who is responsible for all these? In calling our case into court, is not society also coming to judgment?

On Thursday evening, Sept. 24, at Cooper Institute, Mr. Oliver Dyer, a devoted missionary of New York city, gave an address before a large audience, a report of which was published in *The Independent*. An extract will show how society brings up (!) a portion of its children:

You must excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, if I run largely to children this evening. When I come

to talk on these subjects, so many poor, little suffering faces of perishing children at once come up before me that I can seldom talk about anything else. The only thing that ever impelled me to make the investigations which I have made was my sympathy for these children, and my hope of finding some means to benefit them. And when I talk to audiences, or single individuals, I always want to enlist their sympathies also in behalf of these children, of whom we have 40,000—poor, suffering, destitute, outcast children—in New York.

People often say they would like to hunt out and help the poor if they only knew how to do it—how to find them out. I will tell you one very easy way. When a woman comes to your house to wash, iron, or scrub, or do anything of the kind, just take the trouble to ask her where she lives and how she is situated. Go home with her, or let your wife go, and you will find things which would make thrilling newspaper or magazine articles. I once found in Tenth street, in a garret, a poor woman with two children—one five years old, paralyzed from its hips down, and crawling about the floor on her hands and dragging her paralyzed body after her. The other child was eighteen months old. That woman had to go out to day's work, and she could not take her children with her. There is not a family in this city or in Westchester County, including my own, that will allow a woman to bring her children with her when she comes to the house to work. What did that woman do? She put a plate of brown bread, and a bottle of water and a cup on the floor, and then at 6 o'clock in the morning, she turned the key on those children, and left them all day long until she returned—leaving the little crippled sister to take such care as she could of her baby-brother. Day after day, when she went out, these little children would be left in that way. Now, what is to be done about such cases, ladies and gentlemen? I confess that I don't know what to do; there are so many of these suffering little ones.

Probably, in passing along the street, you have met little girls selling penny songs. Perhaps it never occurred to you that those children all lived somewhere. I remember a little one, about six years old, who used to hobble along on a crutch, her right leg swinging like a rope dangling from her body. She made a quarter of a cent on each song that she sold—her only profit, except when some generous-hearted man would give her a five-cent stamp, and tell her to "never mind the change."

I asked that little girl one day, what made her sell those songs. And she said:

"I sell them to get money for my mother!"
 "Where is your mother?" I asked. "At home."
 "What does she do?" "She don't do anything, only lie on the floor." "Why don't she do something?" She replied: "She is so sick, she can't get up off the floor." I asked how long she had been sick. "I don't know—a great long while," she sadly answered.

I went home with the child. Passing from Mott street through a narrow alley to a rear tenement-house of the worst description, we went down into the front cellar. It was not a basement: it was really a cellar, in which there were seven or eight persons—I don't know how many. Then we passed out through that cellar into a rear cellar, which had no window at all, and no means of receiving light or ventilation, except what the door opening into the front cellar afforded. And there, in that dark, dank, wretched room, was lying the mother of that child, an object too hideous and loathsome for description. She had for years been one of the vilest women in New York; and there she was lying on the floor, and undergoing the process of being eaten alive by the diseases which her wickedness had engendered in her person.

But that child did not know anything of this. She did not know that her mother had been a bad woman. She supposed that mother was as pure as an angel, and she loved her with perfect devotion; and so it was no hardship for her to go out and hobble through the streets on her crutch, to sell songs and earn money to pay the rent, and buy whatever sustenance the woman had. Fortunately the mother soon died, and some Christian ladies, who had been informed of the circumstance, went there, and arrayed the corpse in proper burial attire. They wished to take the child home with them, but she would not leave the dead body of her mother; that was the only remaining tangible link which bound her little heart to this world. So the ladies left her, as they could not stay all night in such a den as that. They had not been gone more than an hour before thieves entered that room, and before that child's eyes cut the hair from the dead mother's head, and stripped the body of the burial clothes, leaving it wrapped in a shabby old counterpane, which was not worth selling, or the wretches would have taken that also.

I have remarked that there are 40,000 of these destitute and outcast children in the city. It is very difficult to get an idea of such numbers. Have you any idea what 40,000 destitute and outcast children implies? Suppose we divide them up, five to a family; it would then take 8,000 families to comprise them. Eight thousand families live in 8,000 houses. Eight thousand houses would make a street about six-

teen miles long with houses on both sides. Perhaps you are ready to say: "If that is so, then there is not room enough for 40,000 destitute and outcast children on the inhabited portions of the island, with their families and relations, and all the decent people who live here." That would be true if they were decently housed. But the fact is that one-half of the people of New York are not decently housed; but live like beasts, packed in tenement-houses and burrowing in cellars.

We hear a great deal about tenement-houses. Did you ever go down into one of these tenement-houses? Do you know what a tenement-house is? Let me describe one of them to you.

Take a 25-foot lot. The house is built covering the lot, seven stories high, perhaps, and a basement. Right in the middle is a hall, three feet or three and a half feet wide, running clear through. On each side are the dwelling apartments. They are divided up into two rooms to each set of apartments. There is a front room called "the living room;" and a back room called the "sleeping-room." Back of that there is another suite, and back of that another—according to the size of the house. Sometimes there are only two suites, and sometimes four, and sometimes eight. We will take a house with apartments six suites deep. That gives you six families on each side of the hall on a floor—twelve families to a floor in all. Seven stories high gives you eighty-four families. Eighty-four families under one roof; and then there is the basement besides. The basement, very likely, is used as a grog-shop, or as a place of low resort of some kind. Oftentimes the "living-room," as they call it, is used as a shoe-shop, or tailor's shop, or for other manufacturing purposes; for these poor people often have to do their work at home. There the shoemaker makes his shoes, or the tailor works at his trade; and they do the cooking there, and eat there, and have a little "cubby-hole" of a room where they sleep. The center suites of rooms have no ventilation from the streets. All that they get is from the narrow hall, and the door and window opening into it.

Were not these facts so near and common, they would stir the feelings more than an account of the killed and wounded after a great battle.

E. H. H.

HOW I GOT AN EDUCATION.

BY HENRY THACKER.

VI.

HAVING failed in my attempt at the wheelwright business, I again turned my attention to employment on the farm, which occupation I steadily pursued, for a number of years, with the exception of a short time that I worked for a cabinet-maker with some idea of learning the trade; but as he proved a shiftless business character, I refused to enter into any engagement with him. At this period of my life, having reached my fifteenth year, I was thrown entirely on my own resources in gaining a livelihood, and it will not be thought a strange thing, if I sometimes fared rather poorly. Being frequently without money—the one thing needful, as the world goes—and short of clothing and things necessary for bodily comfort, I was tempted to look upon my condition in life as a hard one. In taking a retrospective view, I am led to contrast those days with the present time. Could I have had the privilege of steady employment at the wages that boys of that age now command, it would, I think, have been an easy matter to have clothed and educated myself, and had a surplus of money in my pocket. But at that time it was difficult at some seasons of the year for a boy of my age to find employment, and even when obtained his wages were less than half what they now are. Although at some kinds of work I could, and did do as much as men, still I was classed as a boy, and my wages were accordingly cut down to one-half, or at most, two-thirds that of men; and as the price of common labor for men was fifty cents a day, it will be seen that my earnings were necessarily rather small. I often think of my condition in the world as compared with that of the children in the Oneida Community. For one I am fully sensible of, and can, I think, rightly estimate the advantages they enjoy; strangers alike to want, care, and abuse, they have their education, physical, intellectual and spiritual carefully attended to, and in a manner that ought to be appreciated by all classes.

My work on the farm was either by the day or by the month. The latter course, although it gave me steady employment for the time being (thus

saving me the expense of Sunday board and washing), I considered objectionable in several particulars. In the first place it subjected me to the call to business at early dawn, which had to be continued without intermission, save for my meals, until night; and in case there was anything on hand to do during the evening, it was usually expected that the hired man would assist in the work. Then, too, some part of the work was thought to be disagreeable, and as it must be done rain or shine, the laborer was necessarily more or less exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

Thus situated, with little chance of rest during the day, night found me illy disposed to studying or reading, or to thinking of anything but the bed as a place of escape from fatigue. My intellectual education had been sadly neglected, and although I felt the need of more schooling I found no time to spare for that purpose; as things were, it was as much as I could do to make a living. Still I was not without hope under these circumstances, and consoled myself with the thought, that perhaps my condition in life would sometime be changed.

In order to escape in some measure from the hard bondage of the hireling spirit that oppressed me, I now had recourse to the expedient of working by the job whenever an opportunity offered. This course, although it perhaps subjected me to the hardest kind of work, gave me comparative freedom, which was one object I had in view, and another was that of earning greater wages than were allowed me by the day. Consequently, as the business of the winter and spring months was mainly that of splitting rails and chopping cord-wood, the greater part of my time was spent in the forest, engaged in that kind of work. I looked forward to haying and harvest time with considerable interest, because labor was then in good demand, and at higher rates. In order to make the most of the season and earn more money than I received when working by the day, I also engaged in harvest work by the job, whenever I could get a chance. At the age of sixteen, however, having furnished myself with a scythe and a cradle, I demanded full wages by the day, and from that time I drew, when engaged in the harvest field, the prices paid for men's labor. This part of the season was considered a harvest time to the laborer as well as to the farmer, as, if prudent, and diligent in business, he was not only enabled to pay up arrearages, but to lay aside a few dollars for future need in case of a slack time in business.

Haying and harvesting, although requiring severe labor, nevertheless were attended with much merriment, and also with frequent trials of skill and bottom, in performing the work in the field, especially mowing and cradling grain, and raking and binding the same. No mowing and reaping machines moved by horse-power, were at that time thought of, but everything had to be done by hand-power. Not even the horse-rake was then in use. The introduction of modern improvements in machinery, and implements for agriculture, has so completely revolutionized that department, that the labor of harvesting a crop of grain at the present time, is a trifling affair to what it was forty years ago.

Whiskey was freely furnished by the farmers during harvest time, and as freely used by the laborers. Consequently, when the stimulant began to take effect and the men felt a little smarter perhaps than they really were, a slight provocation, or a banter, was enough under the circumstances to set the whole company in a fever, and then the race would commence. Every man was now on his own hook, and must look out for himself. If he got cut out of his swath, or was bushed (a term applied to a man that gave out), he was not considered a first-class workman; he felt himself in disgrace, and rather than suffer defeat, would strain every nerve in the contest. Frequently when the company happened to be well-matched the strife would continue throughout the day, unless stopped by the foreman. Sometimes the race would commence and terminate between two individuals, while the rest enjoyed the fun, which rarely ended in blows or a quarrel. It was nevertheless a poor practice, as I can testify from experience, having myself frequently been so hard pushed

in the race that I was scarcely able to perform my part the next day, and many, doubtless, were permanently injured by being overheated in these strifes. As an instance of the severity and persistence in these trials of skill and endurance, I was once engaged with a company of fourteen harvest-hands, among whom a race commenced about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and continued without intermission, except for dinner, till four o'clock in the afternoon, when all were under the bush with the exception of a single cradler, and one raker and binder, the proprietor, himself, being among the number that gave out. One man was so badly used up, that he had to be carried to the house on the backs of his more fortunate comrades.

At the close of the harvest season I was more or less engaged in gathering the fall crops. But the work which more steadily followed and which I most delighted in, was that of swinging the ax in the forest. My love for the wildness of nature may have had something to do with my making choice of this most arduous of occupations for a leading business. But whatever may have been the chief motive that led me to pursue this course, I still cherish in my memory the time when thus alone, or with perhaps a single companion engaged in felling the trees of the forest, as among the happiest days of my youth.

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

IV.

WAS the adventure of that night a reality, or did I dream it? It was several months before I could answer this question to my satisfaction; everything about it seemed too defined for a dream, too vague for a fact. It must have been about midnight that a slight start from old Hugh aroused me, whether from sleep, stupor, or a fainting fit, I could not tell. He knelt on one knee, with his gun to his shoulder pointing through the fence. Looking out upon the moor in the direction of his range, I saw as plainly as ever I saw anything in my life, two figures enveloped in white shrouds, walking away from the woods in which we were lying in wait. To say that I was frightened, would be an expression inadequate to convey any idea of the true state of my nervous system. I was wet through, and cold to boot; but a profuse perspiration, cold and clammy, stole over my whole body. Reaching my hand to Hugh's shoulder, my impression was that he too shook vigorously; but seeing that he has ever since as vigorously denied it, I will not state the fact with too much certainty. Sometimes folks tell the truth on their death-beds, and Hugh may yet confess. Either "honest old Hugh" strained his conscience to a lie or my perception was strangely perverted, for I saw both hammers of his "double barrel" hard down as plainly as I saw the ghosts, yet he persistently declared that his gun was full cocked and that he pulled with all his might upon the triggers; but neither of them would go off, although he knew the lock was in perfect order and had never refused before or since to answer to the slightest touch. But as I am going to give my own version of the affair and not Hugh's, I will say that he was so badly scared as to put his gun to his shoulder without cocking it, and when he found that it wouldn't go off he got more scared, and kept his gun to his shoulder till the ghosts were out of sight, declaring afterwards that when he pulled the triggers the hammers slid down gently upon the caps with no more noise than if they had been made of velvet. Whether he felt a cold sweat or not I can not affirm, so will confine myself to the statement that he pulled from his pocket a dirty old red silk handkerchief that had probably been worn out in his master's service long before it found its way among Hugh's chattels, and wiped his face and forehead with it.

Gaining the skirts of the cover or wood, we stopped to rest on the gate. Everything was hushed in sleep; not a sound was to be heard; the numerous insects that in America chirp away the night, are nowhere heard in England. So oppressive was the silence when our footsteps had ceased to rustle the decaying leaves under our feet, that we seemed afraid to break it until Hugh ventured to whisper,

"If folks axes any questions, we a been looking

arter poachers, mind ye. Not a word abewt them ere ghosts, mind not a word," and again the old red handkerchief came into play.

As for myself, so weak were my knees that Hugh had to carry my gun, and it was with much difficulty that I got back to the village and to bed. Many days and weeks elapsed, during which I was conscious of nothing but hideous forms and devilish apparitions. An attack of brain fever palsied my intellect before morning, and "the pains of hell gat hold upon me." No doctor belonging to the faculty was in the neighborhood, but a quack resided in the village, and he was sent for. Him, in my delirium, I regarded as the head devil who pulled open my mouth and poured fire down my throat; and the illusion may have been more appropriate to a sound intellect, for he treated me after the old system of bleeding, blistering, &c., not permitting a drop of water or anything of the sort wherewith to assuage the consuming thirst. The torments of such a visitation need not, nor can they be described. A burning fire consumed me night and day, while those two ghosts were ever present in my ravings; and when afterwards in trying to become good, I read and pondered on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, it for a long time seemed as if I had been a participator in the portion of the former.

No one near me knew where I lived, so that my parents heard nothing of my sickness till I recovered my intellect sufficiently to give their address; but the poor widow cared for me as for her own son, and I have ever since respected Devonshire people for the devotion with which she tended me, neglecting her own business, and wearing herself out in constantly watching night after night by the bedside of a boy who was an utter stranger to her. Poor old Hugh was much interested in my case, and was undoubtedly confirmed in the idea that my sickness was the natural consequence of having been bewitched by a ghost. I have frequently noticed that circumstances often curiously combine to deceive those who are willing to be deluded, and have often thought that unbelief is the natural fruit of noting such circumstances in a superficial way. Hugh's superstition was fostered by such a combination, so that he feared to enter the house where I was supposed to be dying.

On a clear February morning I awoke as one out of a dream, a long, painful, terrible, dream. The bright sun shone into my room, and my first impulse was to spring from my bed and dress for breakfast. Alas! my limbs refused to act, and I gradually realized that I had been sick, how long, I had no idea. It is the custom in the west of England to speak with every one you meet, and you can not meet man, woman or child, friend or stranger, but they will have something to say; and I have often been amused to see two men meet and instead of stopping to speak, keep on walking and talking about the weather until they got so far apart that they had to yell at one another in order to be heard. The first voices I had recognized as human in many weeks, were those of two north Devons who met and greeted under my window in true Devonshire dialect:

"Marnty," says Devonshire number one.

"Marnty," replied number two.

"Smartish marnin s'marnin," continued the first speaker.

"Ees," was the reply, "smart a marnin t'mar marnin as 'tis s'marnin dree smart marnins together," which being translated means,

"Good morning to ye. Yes, frosty morning! and if we have another it will make three in succession," which is there considered a sure precursor of rain. I think it would take an enterprising Yankee to understand that phase of the English tongue, and some of the expressions used, would even puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer.

My parents, supposing I was visiting with some friends, felt no uneasiness at not hearing from me. Imagine then, their surprise on learning that I was still at North Moulton. They set out at once to get me home, and a tedious journey I had of it. Omitting the incidents of my long convalescence, I will say, that I was sitting one beautiful spring morning in my dressing-gown before the open window; the

birds sang merrily, and all nature seemed to join the chorus of their songs. I alone, was sad and listless. Sickness had been my lot from infancy; mine was a blighted existence. Why had God sent me into the world to suffer years and years, and then to die when others of my age were in the prime of life? In the midst of my dejection, a grateful breeze sprung up which, fanning my heated temples, lent strength and vigor to my mind and body. How I wish I had known God then as I do now, that I could ever after have lived a life of gratitude to him. My attention was diverted by a servant entering the room with a letter from Exeter. A gentleman who had visited North Moulton had been requested by Old Hugh to write some particulars of an accident that had lately happened at that place.

An old grist-mill stood on the skirts of the moor, driven by an overshot wheel. I well remembered it, for my attention had been attracted by its peculiar construction. The wheel was on the outside of the building, connecting with the mill by means of a square wooden shaft which passed through the wall, leaving an aperture large enough for a man to put his head through. No one lived in the mill at night, for in the first place there was no house attached, and in the next place the building was said to be haunted; and so it was, for the miller frequently missed his flour and could never find out what became of it. He quite believed in the idea that his mill was haunted, and nothing could induce him or any one else to watch there after dark; but then he was of an inquiring turn of mind and could not understand what ghosts could do with flour. He could imagine a spirit going through a key-hole or a two-inch door, but to drag a bag of flour through! that was what he couldn't make out. With a view to throwing some light upon this perplexing question, he hit upon the expedient of leaving only a very little water running, so as to keep the wheel gently turning. The only place where the flour could be got out must be the hole in the wall, and so long as the wheel was in motion, nothing could be taken out, for it would have to go through the wheel.

This experiment solved a problem not more interesting to the miller than to me. Going to his mill in the morning, he found the wheel still running slowly and saw a pair of shoes standing in the hole. Hastening to the inside he was horror stricken to find the dead body of a woman. It was the village school-mistress. Space fails to give more than the general particulars as confessed by her son at the coroner's inquest. He was a stoutly built young man, twenty years of age, and for a long time had been in the habit of going with his mother on dark nights to steal flour from the mill. To cover themselves from observation, they had spread the report of ghosts and had on several occasions wrapped themselves in sheets and walked out on the moor to scare people into keeping in their houses. But on the occasion of their late disastrous expedition, finding the wheel in motion, he undertook to hold it while his mother got through; but as the buckets on one side of the wheel-room got full, it was too heavy for him and breaking from his hold ran over with considerable speed. It was supposed that the woman's clothing became entangled on the shaft and that her head was dashed against the stone-work. The woman was buried without church service and the son was sent to jail. I began to discriminate between the illusions of delirium and actual observation, and was glad to know the truth about "them ere ghosts."

E.

THE CHINESE WOMAN'S TELEGRAPH.—During the recent visit here of the Chinese Ambassadors, one of them stated in reply to the inquiries of a physician, that it was not customary in China, except among the lower classes of the people, for the doctor to see or touch female patients. In order to ascertain the pulse of the sick woman, a string is tied around her wrist and is extended outside the window to the doctor, who holds the string between thumb and finger and by this sort of telegraph is enabled to count the pulsations. This seems a ludicrous plan; but it is far less mischievous than our cus-

tom of admitting men doctors to the private apartments of females. The opportunities for the medical education of women in this country are yearly increasing; and we hope the day is not far distant when the ladies will be able to rout the men from the sick room, and compel them to stand out in the cold, under the window-sill. In China, only women nurses attend during child-birth.

—Scientific American.

THE LAY OF THE JOB PRINTER.

The press goes round, and the type go down,
And a thousand labels are all as one;
Red, and yellow, and green and brown,
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of many-colored sand,
Sliding into and out of the hand.

The match-man cometh, and can not wait,
But a thousand matches are all as one;
And the spoon-man hitcheth his horse at the gate;
And what is it all when all is done?
Matches and spoons must be printed to-night;
So say they both as they drive out of sight.

A concert is given, beyond the stream,
But a thousand concerts are all as one;
And posters are printed, full many a ream;
And what is it all when all is done?
Flutes, and horns, and fiddles to play,
And after the concert the printer to pay.

W. C., Oct. 6, 1868.

P. D.

MR. EMERSON AND THE BROOK FARM COMMUNITY.—The Springfield Republican says:

"There will be some curiosity to see how Mr. Emerson, in his new course of lectures, next month, will handle the interesting subject of the Brook Farm Community. It is understood that one lecture of the course will be devoted to personal recollections of that singular society whose history has been touched on by Hawthorne and a few others, but has never been attempted with any fullness of detail. It should be done, for it is one of the most interesting episodes in that revival of American thought and literature known as the 'transcendental movement.' Among the dwellers and visitors at Brook Farm were many of the persons who have since become illustrious in our literary annals, and others who have distinguished themselves in other ways. Hawthorne, George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, George W. Curtis, &c., may be named by way of example; but Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, W. H. Channing, C. P. Cranch and many more were interested in the experiment, which failed as an enterprise, but succeeded as an episode or a rehearsal for the future business of life."

Not long since a green-looking Vermonter walked into the office of Dr. C. T. Jackson, the chemist.

"Dr. Jackson, I presume?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I lock the door?" and he did so, and having looked behind the sofa and satisfied himself that no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle done up in a yellow bandanna on the table and opened it.

"There Doctor, look at that."

"Well," said the doctor, "I see it."

"What do you call that, doctor?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What!" said the man, "isn't that stuff gold?"

"No," said the doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites;" and putting some over the fire in a shovel it evaporated up the chimney.

"Wal," said the poor fellow with a woe-begone look, "there's a widdier woman up in our town has a whole hill full of that, and I've been and married her!"

A BRILLIANT meteor was seen in Batavia, N. Y., about ten o'clock on Friday evening last. Its course was from southeast to northwest, and its color, upon first appearance, was a bright blue, but gradually changed to a deep green ere it faded from sight. It was of great brilliancy, illuminating the whole

heavens, and causing trees, houses and other objects to cast a strong but transient shade.

"I DON'T know anything about your *Tycoon*," said an old Illinoisian to a man who was discoursing on Japan; "but when you come to the *raccoon*, you'll find me at home!"

NEWS ITEMS.

SINCE the war, Missouri has gained 350,000 inhabitants.

THE tunnel under Chicago river lacks only 225 feet of completion.

THE lumber trade on the Wisconsin and Minnesota rivers is immense this year.

CALIFORNIA newspapers only 11 days old were received by the *Tribune*, last week.

A NEW process has been discovered of making ice by composition, and it is said to be entirely practicable.

THE submarine telegraph from Malta to Alexandria, Egypt, was successfully completed Saturday afternoon.

THE proposed bridge over the Delaware river at Philadelphia, is to be a perfect arch 4,400 feet long, the center of it 120 feet above high water, permitting the passage of the largest vessels.

THE Trustees of the Cornell University have purchased the Mineralogical cabinet of Prof. Benj. Silliman, of Yale College, New Haven, which has long been considered one of the best in the country.

MISS JENNIE MCGRAW, of Ithaca, has given to the Cornell University a chime of nine bells, the largest of which is to weigh 2,000 pounds. The bells are being cast by Menedy & Co., of Troy.

A REFRIGERATOR car reached Providence, R. I., on Tuesday, from Chicago, containing over seven hundred baskets of peaches, looking as fresh as though they had been brought only a few miles.

A CHANGE has taken place in the sea coast of Peru in consequence of earthquakes, the depth off the head land of Samara, near Arica, having been made dry from forty to six or seven fathoms. The loss of life in Ecuador was not less than 40,000.

SINCE the troops were withdrawn, the Arizona Indians are daily becoming bolder and more successful in their outrages. Within a few months 80 persons have been killed and \$50,000 worth of property has been destroyed in Pimo county alone.

THE present system of quarantine, is giving such great dissatisfaction to the citizens of New York, that strong measures will be instituted during the coming winter, to have the whole system modified and placed under the control of the General Government.

RICE, the great staple of South Carolina, the culture of which was once confined to the river swamp lands, is now grown on the uplands. The seed of the swamp rice is used, and the grain raised compares favorably with that from the old rice fields.

THE bones of a large animal supposed to be a mastodon, were discovered Saturday, near Danville, Ontario, Canada, while the earth was being excavated. One of the teeth weighs five pounds, a tusk is 11 inches in diameter and 14 feet long, the joints of the spine are 28 inches in circumference, and the ribs are six feet long.

THE sultan of Morocco, who, upon the visit of Sir Moses Montefiore, promised that distinguished Jew that equal justice should be administered to his Mohammedan and Jewish subjects, has sent a letter to one of his provinces where several Jews had been robbed and murdered, expressing his severe displeasure at those atrocities. He wishes the Jews to be well treated and guarded from harm, reminds his officers that the prophet ordered Mohammedans to protect them, and declares that whosoever kills a Jew shall be put to death. He presented a liberal compensation to the Jews who had been wronged, and ordered the suspected Moors to be sent to Morocco in chains.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 539 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing-Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York.

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: the Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 35 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. NOYES. Price, 25 cents for single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. NEWHOUSE. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 290 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. NOYES. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail, at \$1.75.

[The above works are for sale at this office.]

Messrs. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR, and orders for our other publications.